

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, NO. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, May 22, 1802.

OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. XII.—*Con.*

THE good, the bad, the king, the beggar, the robber, and the judge, are all engaged in the same pursuit, and *Happiness* is the game which they, by various modes, endeavour to secure. But, alas! how many follow a wrong scent; how many are thrown out; how many fall in the chace; and how few are in at the taking of the object they pursue!—Barclay saw happiness in the shape of love; and though he was at a fault, he was resolved never to give up the pursuit.

It has been said, that Von Hein was as excessive and vehement in his hatred as his friendship. Whenever he felt or conceived that he was injured, he was relentless and unforgiving. His regard for Barclay, however, had been so great, that he could not entirely shake it off, as will appear from the following letter, which our hero received from him some hours after Gregory's return.

"BARCLAY,

"Once we were what scarcely each quarter of the globe can boast of—two men with one heart: our joys, sorrows, pleasures, griefs, were one; that time is now no longer. You have injured my peace and happiness; you have betrayed my friendship, and dishonoured yourself. Yet is there one way left, by which you may retrieve all: renounce every further tho't

of Penelope! You know me, Barclay: you know me resolute, fixed and immoveable! Do this, or may the earth sink beneath my feet, and heaven forsake me if we ever more are friends!

KEPPEL VON HEIN.

"P. S. If you treat my friendship so lightly as to refuse this, I caution you now to hasten from my sight. Here are the means—I feel,—but should I confess it?—I feel that I would not have you want."

Barclay perused this letter with the greatest agony of mind, but was not long before he wrote the subsequent reply:

"KEPPEL,

"Your conduct pierces me to the very soul. I would lose my life, rather than do you wrong. If you say my love for Penelope does you wrong, you are unjust, for you ascribe to me what you should ascribe to fate. I had not the power to help loving—I have not the power to cease to love.

"I return you your money, as I cannot descend to receive charity from one who is no longer my friend. Your friendship for me, Keppel, may waver, but mine for you is rooted, and will last, in spite of all the accumulated injuries you may heap upon the head of him who never did aught *wherein he himself was a free agent*, that could be construed into a violation of those sacred bonds of amity, which he has ever cherished, and held inestimably dear.

BARCLAY TEMPLE."

Barclay's reply enraged Von Hein to such a degree, as to render his conduct alarming to the whole parsonage; the quiet, but not the peace of which was, however, presently restored, by the absence of Von Hein, who left it suddenly the following morning. His intentions were not made known, but they were soon apparent.

Our hero knew not what plan to pursue. He was well aware, that he could not remain long in the village, and yet he was unable to leave it. Like a departed spirit, he loved to haunt the abode of his former happiness.

Such a disturbance could not well happen any where without transpiring; but in a village, which cannot be better described, than as a monster all ear and tongue, it was in a very short period the entire subject of conversation, from the garret to the kitchen, in every house throughout the place. It afforded a rich repast to the slander and malignity of Mrs. George Pawlet and her hopeful children, Miss Phyllis and Master Stephen.

The merchant, however, took it in a very different light, and was fearful of losing Barclay, whose manners and counsel had won greatly on his affection. He sent for him, and taking him aside, desired to be informed of the truth of the whole affair.

"What I have heard," said he, "I have heard from my wife and Phyllis; but I am too much your friend, and too well convinced of your honour, to believe the infamous story they have trumped-up on the occasion. Tell me the truth, and rely on my friendship."

Barclay stated to him every circumstance of what had happened, concluding by saying, that he should consider no sacrifice too great to make for his friend's happiness;—no, not even his love for Penelope, if it were possible—"but it is not!" said he, "I have it not in my power to say, I will love her no more."

The merchant having listened to his simple story, took him by the hand, and promised him his protection. Though a man, as I have said, whose attachment to money was so great, as nearly to deserve the name of avarice, Mr. Pawlet was so partial to

our hero, that he then offered to furnish him with a room in his house; and shortly afterward gave him a still greater proof of his generosity.

One day, while he was conversing with the merchant in his private chamber, they heard somebody running up stairs, in not the lightest manner, and presently a hasty rap was given at the door. Permission was scarcely allowed to enter, when Gregory burst into the room, his eyes rolling in his head, and his countenance big with some important, and not very agreeable intelligence.

"I beg pardon, sir, I hope you'll excuse my boldness," said he, bowing to Mr. Pawlet; "but—but—" Here he turned to Barclay; "Sir, you must fly directly."

"Fly!" repeated Barclay.

"Yes, sir,—yes, the bailiffs are after you; I saw, I spoke to them this instant."

"Oh, Keppel, Keppel!" Barclay exclaimed, shaking his head.

"Ah, d——n him," cried Gregory, I knew——"

"Peace sir," interrupted Barclay, with severity; "I have told you of this before, let me not hear you talk thus again. But come, say what you know, that I may act accordingly."

"Whilst I was sitting in my shop, two men came in and enquired for you. I asked their business.—"As to our business," said one, "that's no business of yours: we want him, that's all."—"Ay," cried the other, "and we'll have him too."—I then instantly began to suspect what they were after, so I said, indeed I can't tell where he is gone at present, but I know he'll be here in about half an hour; and if you'll leave any message, I'll tell him. "Very well," was their answer, and they left the shop. I followed them with my eye, and seeing them enter into the Red Lion, as I suppose, to wait for your return, I set off instantaneously to give you notice. Now you may either stay or go, which you like. If you wish to stay, I must go back, and I'll be bound for it, I'll soon get some one to help me to lick them, so that they shan't be able to come abroad for a week; but if you choose to go, I'll take care of your things, and follow you as soon as possible."

While Barclay was musing on what he should do, the merchant showed his esteem by generously offering to bail him, for which he had Gregory's blessing, not only in his words, but in his heart.

This, however, Barclay, always fearful of dependance, positively refused.

"No," said he, "that I cannot agree to; but your kindness, Sir, will nevertheless live in my memory. It will be best for

me to go. I know that I can soon get out of this country; and I shall then be free from the writ these fellows have out against me. You, Gregory, will take care of my trunks, and you say you will come to me——"

"Yes!"

"But you must return."

"I'll be——"

"Don't swear," interrupted Barclay; "you shall do as you please."

Our hero found himself abandoned by all, and wanting some one to support him, he could not refuse Gregory's offer. There was now not a moment to be lost. He told Gregory the village he should stop at, and shaking the merchant by the hand, hurried, by his directions, thro' the garden to a back lane, which led him a near way into the road he was about to take.

CHAP. XIII.

The author vindicates himself.—The danger of using the word pedantry, and of expressing a dislike to the Classics.—How Barclay travelled.—Gregory's account of what happened after his master left him.—Who the bailiffs arrest.—Gregory's advice to them.—What he brought from the village.—What he undertakes to do.—How Barclay employs himself during Gregory's absence.—Gregory's success.—How they acted afterwards.—The advantages of London.

HERE I stop! I will not budge an inch further, until I have vindicated myself against a charge which I have some presentiment may be unjustly brought to my prejudice. It should have been advanced before, perhaps; however, as its rather impudent, the reader will, in all probability, think it comes quite soon enough.

There may be folks who will object to my having introduced several classical quotations which they are unable to expound; and some will call it too great a display of learning; others, less liberal, pedantry; by which word, something not very different from the words ass and fool are commonly signified. But let me ask these good-natured critical ignorant souls, whether they do not often meet with pages, and whole chapters, in works of this description, which, tho' written in their mother tongue, are perfectly Greek to them? Surely I have a right to possess my unintelligible parts as well as other authors of my stamp, and I think that my unintelligible Greek is better than their unintelligible English, since I can answer for mine being sense, altho' they do not comprehend it.

Before I conclude this argument, I shall just observe, that the word pedantry would not be in such frequent use, were people to recollect, that to employ that term reflects as much, if not more, on the user of it, than on the person to whom it is applied, as it in-

stantly proclaims his ignorance;—for to talk learnedly to the learned, is no more pedantry, than it was pedantry in Diogenes to talk Greek to Alexander.

It was now the month of June, and Barclay had set out with a very heavy heart, to avoid his pursuers; feeling, however, much less pleasure in escaping from them, than he did pain at being compelled to abandon Penelope.

"Well, well," cried he, "unhappy as I am, my unhappiness does not arise from guilt: my mind is conscious of its rectitude. I have done no harm to any man! and surely I cannot have offended God, by loving one of the fairest of his creatures; the most perfect of his works."

In such reflections he made his way over the hills—

—Transvectus equo cui namina TEN-TOES,†

Casting "a lingering look behind," as he descended, and lost sight of the vale that contained all his treasure—as he tore himself from it, hope seemed to desert him, and he proceeded on his way, a prey to gloomy melancholy—there was no joy in his heart! His prospects were all blasted, and his tormenting mind (to use the words of the best of our modern poets) pictured to him nothing

But black reserves of unexhausted pains.

And sad successive scenes of length'ning woe.

After travelling till late in the evening, he arrived in the village in which he had appointed Gregory to meet him. Taking up his abode at the only place of entertainment which the place afforded, he ordered some supper, but, worn out with fatigue of body and mind, he was unable to remain up until it was ready; inquiring, therefore, for his room, he retired to rest.

Rising the next day somewhat refreshed, he patiently awaited the coming of Gregory, who made his appearance about dinner-time, in a little cart with one horse, which he had hired for the purpose of conveying their baggage. Barclay was pleased to see him, but his pleasure was very inferior to Gregory's, who never was happier in his life, nor ever wished to be more so. He had been engaged in the service of Barclay, and was now to live with him—he required no more.

Having unloaded the cart, and paid the man for his trouble, Barclay was anxious to know what had passed in his absence. Gre-

* He that admires not ancient authors, betrays a secret that he would conceal, and tells the world that he does not understand them.—Dr. Young.

† Transported on a horse whose name was Ten-toes. See the last of the "Panegyric Verses" on Coryot's Cruelties, 1611.

gory was ready to inform him, but desired, as he was in his master's presence, for whom he never lost his respect, to stand during the recital. This Barclay would not consent to, seeing that his ill-timed attention would subject him to the ridicule of the people of the house; he therefore insisted on his sitting, adding, that if they continued together, they must appear upon terms of greater familiarity. Gregory, ever obedient, took his seat, but at an awful distance, and began his relation.

"After you were gone, sir," said he, "the first thing I did, was to go about disposing of my shop. Here Mr. George Pawlet was of great service to me. He is not much liked in the neighbourhood; but nevertheless, I am sure he is a worthy man, owing to his being so friendly to you. I could not have got rid of all my goods so soon as I wished, if it had not been for him. Seeing how I was situated, he gave me what they cost me, and took upon himself the trouble of selling them afterwards, as well as he could.

"Well, sir, while I was packing up what I had to take away, the bailiffs paid me another visit, and inquired whether you were returned. Knowing you were safe, I was resolved to give them as good as they brought: so, said I, what's your business here, my friends? Does either of you want to be shaved? D—'em, I wish they had let me shaved them! High words soon followed, and I was just going to attack them, when the neighbours came in and parted us; and one of them telling the scoundrels that you were at Mr. George Pawlet's, they instantly set off in search of you.

"Towards the evening, I strolled up the parsonage, in hopes to see Miss Penelope's maid, and to get some intelligence to comfort you. As I was returning who should I again meet but the two bailiffs, lugging along Master Stephen; whom it seems, not knowing your person, they had taken for you, and finding him coming out of the merchant's house, had seized him, not in the least heeding his protestations that he was not Mr. Temple.

"The moment he saw me, he began humming a tune, and presently claimed my acquaintance, desiring me to say he was not the man they took him for. Now I knew he wasn't over fond of you, so I said I did not know him, and desired the bailiffs not to be humbugged by him, or by any body who might pretend he was not the man they wanted. Away they took him, and when I left the place this morning, Mrs. George Pawlet was making a sad hue-and-cry after him in the village, but all to no end, for they had carried him off."

"No harm will come to him," said Barclay, "and the delay will be of some service to us. But did not you say you sauntered near the parsonage, in hopes of getting some news for me? Without success, I suppose?"

"No, not so; I have got something here I received from Miss Penelope's maid," replied Gregory, his eyes glistening with pleasure as he drew a letter from his pocket, which he knew would afford Barclay some comfort.

"Give, give it me!" cried our hero, snatching it from him. "Why didn't you give it me before?"—Seeing Penelope's writing, he almost devoured the paper with kisses. Opening it, he read:

"You have ruined my peace, but I forgive you: my suffering is great, but it is dear to me, since I suffer for you. I write with fear and trembling, lest I should be discovered; therefore I must be brief. Though they should increase their unkindness, and persecute me to the last, yet let me but know that you still love me, and your Penelope shall never complain, nor count herself unhappy."

Barclay remained for some time in a trance of rapture: he was so little prepared for joy, that he was overwhelmed and lost by the unexpected pleasure.—"Loveliest, most adored of women!" he exclaimed—"how have I merited such love as thine! Remorse and anguish seize upon his heart that does thee wrong! I dive from his slumbers all the joys of rest, and dash from his unhallowed lips, the cup that bears the scanty sweets of life!"

He now paused a while, when recollecting the obligation he was under to Gregory, he cried, "Gregory, you have given me fresh life: I shall never forget the unlooked for service you have done me by bringing this letter."

"Your happiness," replied Gregory, speaking from his soul—"your happiness, Sir, can scarcely be greater than mine is on the occasion: indeed it cannot."

"But what is to be done?" added Barclay, hastily. "I must send an answer: how is it to be conveyed? Will you venture to return?"

"Assuredly I will," replied Gregory, "if there were twenty times the risk; but I think I can return without any risk at all."

The cart that brought Gregory and the baggage had not departed, and Barclay having finished his letter, Gregory soon bargained to take him back again; and, after eating his dinner, he returned, leaving our hero much more serene and contented than he had found him.

To fill up the chasm till Gregory had performed his commission, Barclay employed his pen in sketching likenesses of Penelope. "I did it," said he "from *my mind's eye*: I drew it as if speaking, and spoke to it; I drew it as if sleeping, and gazed on it; I drew it as if weeping, and wept over it; I drew it as I had seen her smile on me, and my heart, leaping within my bosom, beat with something like the pulse of joy; but presently, as I still kept my eye on the picture, sunk into a pleasing melancholy. I heaved a sigh, and endeavoured to excite my imagination to extend the prospect of my hopes."

Gregory soon made his way back, but not with so favourable an account as he expected. He had ventured to the parsonage, to see Penelope's maid, and had learned from her, that the bailiffs, having discovered their mistake, had liberated Master Stephen; and further, that she believed they were now in pursuit of Barclay. After gathering so much, he thought he might indulge a little in his own private affairs; and that amorous disposition which is the ruin of man, woman and child, engrossing his whole mind, his presence there was found out before he had delivered his letter. Von Hein immediately ordered him to be turned out of the house, and thinking he had no time to waste, as the bailiffs might be after Barclay, he set off, without accomplishing the object of his journey.

Barclay was very much chagrined at this disappointment, and so was Gregory; but it was of no avail to complain now; and as they were in constant apprehension of the bailiffs, they thought it best to decamp.—Barclay's funds not being very great, he resolved to walk, and only when it was absolutely necessary, encounter the expence of a carriage. The trunks, therefore, were to be forwarded to London by a coach that passed through the village; and after Gregory had made up a little package, which he willingly agreed to carry, they procured two good sticks, and dashing out of the great road, determined to proceed to London as well as they were able.

Barclay was certainly right, in choosing the metropolis as a place of concealment; for it is the best place for that, as it is, indeed, for every thing else. In London, no man need starve, even though he be honest, but if he will stoop to mean arts, that is, if he will be a rascal, he may live like a prince.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REMARK.—The conceptions of a youthful mind are generally bold and lively, a wild exuberance of fancy that requireth the pruning-knife of experience.

[The editor, in the 23d No. stated some objections to the subsequent tale: but as several of the subscribers have expressed a wish that it should be published, he is willing to gratify them.]

Montmorency,

A FRAGMENT.

[From *Drake's Literary Hours*]

THE sudden tolling of the Curfew was heard over the heath, and not a beam of light issued from the dreary villages, the murmuring cotter had extinguished his enlivening embers, and shrunk in gloomy sadness to repose, when Henry de Montmorency and his two attendants rushed from the Castle of A—y.

The night was wild and stormy, and the wind howled in a fearful manner. The moon flashed, as the clouds passed from before her, on the silver armour of Montmorency, whose large and sable plume of feathers streamed threatening in the blast. They hurried rapidly on, and, arriving at the edge of a declivity descended into a deep glen, the dreadful and savage appearance of which, was sufficient to strike terror into the stoutest heart. It was narrow, and the rocks on each side, rising to a prodigious height, hung bellying over their heads; furiously along the bottom of the valley, turbulent and dashing against huge fragments of the rock, ran a dark and swollen torrent, and farther up the glen, down a precipice of near ninety feet, and roaring with tremendous strength, fell, at a single stroke, an awful and immense cascade. From the cleft and chasms of the crag, abrupt and stern the venerable oak threw his broad breadth of shade, and bending his gigantic arms athwart the stream, shed, driven by the wind, a multitude of leaves; while from the summits of the rock was heard the clamor of the falling fragments, that bounding from its rugged side leapt with resistless fury on the vale beneath.

Montmorency and his attendants, intrepid as they were, felt the inquietude of apprehension; they stood for some time in silent astonishment, but their ideas of danger from the conflict of elements being at length alarming, they determined to proceed, when instantly all became dark, whilst the rushing of the storm, the roaring of the cascade, the shivering of the branches of the trees, and the dashing of the rock assailed at once their sense of hearing. The moon, however, again darting from a cloud, they rode forward, and, following the course of the torrent, had advanced a considerable way, when the piercing shrieks of a person in distress arrested their speed; they stopped, and listening attentively, heard shrill,

melancholy cries repeated, at intervals, up the glen, which gradually becoming more distant, grew faint, and died away. Montmorency, ever ready to relieve the oppressed, couched his lance, and bidding his followers prepare, was hastening on; but again, their progress was impeded by the harrowing and stupendous clash of falling armour; which, reverberating from the various cavities around, seemed here and there from every direction, to be echoed with double violence, as if an hundred men in armour had, in succession, fallen down in different parts of the valley. Montmorency having recovered from the consternation into which this singular noise had thrown him, undauntedly pursued his course, and presently discerned, by the light of the moon, the gleaming of a coat of mail. He immediately made up to the spot, where he found, laid along at the root of an ancient oak, whose branches hung darkling over the torrent, a knight wounded and bleeding; his armour was of burnished steel, by his side there lay a falchion, and a sable shield embossed with studs of gold, and, dipping his casque in the stream, he was endeavouring to allay his thirst, but, through weakness from loss of blood, with difficulty he got it to his mouth. Being questioned as to his misfortune, he shook his head, and unable to speak, pointed with his hand down the glen; at the same moment the shrieks, which had formerly alarmed Montmorency and his attendants, were repeated; apparently at no great distance; and now every mark of horror was depicted on the pale and ghastly features of the dying knight; his black hair, dashed with gore, stood erect, and stretching forth his hand towards the sound, he seemed struggling for speech, his agony became excessive, and groaning, he dropped dead upon the earth. The suddenness of this shocking event, the total ignorance of its cause. The uncouth scenery around, and the dismal wailings of distress, which still poured upon the ear with aggravated strength, left room for imagination to unfold its most hideous ideas; yet Montmorency, though astonished, lost not his fortitude and resolution, but determined, following the direction of the sound, to search for the place whence these terrible screams seemed to issue, and recommending his men to unsheath their swords, and maintain a strict guard, cautiously followed the windings of the glen, until, abruptly turning the corner of an out-jutting crag, they perceived two corpses mangled in a frightful manner, and the glimmering of light appeared thro' some

trees that hung depending from a steep and dangerous part of the rock. Approaching a little nearer, the shrieks seemed evidently to proceed from that quarter, upon which, tying their horses to the branches of an oak, they ascended slowly and without any noise towards the light, but what was their amazement, when, by the pale glimpses of the moon, when the eye could penetrate through the intervening foliage, in a vast and yawning cavern, dimly lighted by a lamp suspended from its roof, they beheld half a dozen gigantic figures in ponderous iron armour; their vizors were up, and the lamp, faintly gleaming on their features, displayed an unrelenting sternness capable of the most ruthless deeds. One, who had the aspect, and the garb of their leader, and who, waving his scimeter, seemed menacing the rest, held on his arm a massy shield of immense circumference, and which, being streaked with recent blood, presented to the eye an object truly terrific. At the back part of the cave, and, fixed to a brazen ring, stood a female figure, as far as the obscurity of the light gave opportunity to judge, of a beautiful and elegant form. From her the shrieks proceeded; she was dressed in white, and struggling violently and in a convulsive manner, appeared to have been driven almost to madness from the conscious horror of her situation. Two of the banditti were high in dispute, fire flashed from their eyes, and their scimeters were half unsheathed, and Montmorency, expecting that, in the fury of their passion, they would cut each other to pieces, waited the event; but as the authority of their captain soon checked the tumult, he rushed in with his followers, and, hurling his lance, "Villians," he exclaimed, "receive the reward of cruelty." The lance bounded innocuous from the shield of the leader, who turning quickly upon Montmorency, a severe engagement ensued; they smote with prodigious strength, and the valley resounded to the clangor of their steel. Their falchions, unable to sustain the shock, shivered into a thousand pieces, when Montmorency, instantly elevating with both hands his shield, dashed it with resistless force against the head of his antagonist; lifeless he dropped prone upon the ground, and the crash of his armour bellowed through the hollow rock. In the mean his attendants, although they had exerted themselves with great bravery, and had already dispatched one of the villains, were, by force of numbers, overpowered, and being bound together, the remainder of the banditti rushed in upon

Montmorency just as he had stretched their commander upon the earth, and obliged him also, notwithstanding the most vigorous efforts of valour, to surrender. The lady who, during the rencounter, had fainted away, waked again to fresh scenes of misery at the moment when these monsters of barbarity were conducting the unfortunate Montmorency and his companions to a dreadful grave. They were led, by a long and intricate passage, amid an immense assemblage of rocks, which, rising between seventy and eighty feet perpendicular, bounding on all sides a circular plain, into which no opening was apparent but that thro' which they came. The moon shone bright, and they beheld in the middle of this plain a hideous chasm; it seemed near a hundred feet in diameter, and on its brink grew several trees, whose branches, almost meeting in the centre, dropped on its infernal mouth a gloom of settled horror.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Querist.

NO. II.

The best, perhaps the only way of getting knowledge, is to ENQUIRE AND OBJECT. CHESTERFIELD.

MR. HOGAN,

I Sincerely thank you for publishing my first No.; as, besides the benefit I myself have derived from it, I receive much gratification in finding that it has afforded amusement to my friends, and subject-matter for reflection to others, who I understand, do not mean to let it pass unnoticed. However, as I see no crime in asking questions of an abstract, public, or general nature, especially, as nobody is obliged to answer, I shall continue my enquiries, without being intimidated: I have, therefore, sent you a few more.

ENQUIRY V.

"La! Ma," said a prim young miss to her mother, a few Sunday's ago, "did you see how awkward that young fellow entered the church, and came into the pew next to ours, to-day? I vow I hung down my head quite ashamed; I'll lay my life the thing has never been to dancing-school."—Query, Is the art of Dancing absolutely requisite to introduce us to our MAKER? Or, Is it consistent with the sacred duties of Christianity, for its professors and teachers, as Cowper says, "to play these pretty tricks in presence of their God?"

V.

I lately read that there was to be seen somewhere in this city, a *Behemoth* or *Mammoth*.—Query, Did the advertiser mean that there were two animals for shew, and that either of them might be seen? Or did he use the conjunction *or* to shew that "*Behemoth*" and "*Mammoth*" were only two different names for the same animal? If the last, Query, Has he not more accurate information than Thompson and Dr. Johnson his editor, both of whom understood the *Behemoth* to be the Hippopotamus or River Horse; and also more knowledge than Dr. Young and several commentators on the book of Job?

VII.

I have heard (but I never can believe it) that there are some people in this city who do not believe in a First Cause or God; who nevertheless will imprecate his vengeance upon an offender.—Query, Do they not prove themselves to be downright liars?

VIII.

I have heard of people who not only do not believe the Bible to be by Divine Inspiration, but take a pride in branding it with the epithets "priest-craft," "pack of fables," "jumble of nonsense," and "fit only for children and fools:" yet these very people leave all the prophane wisdom of ages, even from the time of the Chaldeans down to the French Philosophers, for the sake of drawing from the Bible a system of MORALITY, which in writing, lecturing, and even PREACHING, they extol as the *most pure, the most perfect, and the most sublime upon earth*.—Query, Where there is such glaring inconsistency, does it not argue something wrong in the head or the heart? And how far would it be safe to follow such preachers?

IX.

Many say that they are forced to disbelieve the Holy Scriptures because they hold forth the dreadful idea of a HELL.—Query, Why? or rather, for what good reason?—They must acknowledge that Hell can have no terrors with a good man.—Query, again, Is it not therefore strongly inferrible that such people wish that there were no Hell, in order that there might be no check upon their passions, no obstacles to their gratifications, no damp upon their enjoyments, and no bounds to their licentiousness?

X.

A young *tippee-bob* gentleman of fashion, the other day, attempted to prove to me, that *Dancing*, as practised now-a-days (not even excepting the *Waltz*) was not only

justifiable, but highly praise-worthy; because, forsooth, Dr. Gregory and Citizen Kotzebue have both said that it is a *natural propensity*.—Query, Ought this to be a ground of justification or commendation? If so, will it not hold good with regard to all other *natural propensities*? and consequently would not the best and fairest half of the volume of creation, be horribly savaged, blotted, disfigured, and even brutalized?

The Imposters.

A TALE.

BY DON MANUEL, PRINCE OF SPAIN.

VULGAR errors maintain their ground, because men have not spirit enough to detect them. It is common for us to praise or condemn against our own conviction; and to adopt idle opinions, lest we appear to have less taste and discernment than those who invent or propagate them. Imposture, however, has but its day, and perhaps it may be a long one; but it must give way at last, and truth will shine out with redoubled lustre.

Three sharpers having found means to be introduced to a king, told him that they could weave a brocade of exquisite workmanship, and of so rare a property that it would be invisible to any person who was either base born, dishonoured by his wife, or had been guilty of any villany. The king, desirous to possess so great a rarity, gave them a kind reception, and allotted them a place to carry on the manufacture. He furnished them with money, gold, silver, silk, and all other materials. They fixed upon their looms, and reported that they were employed all day upon the web. After some time one of them waited upon the king, and acquainted him that the work was begun, and that the brocade would be the most beautiful in the world, as his majesty might be convinced, if he would condescend to come and see it alone. The king, to prove the reality of their pretensions, instead of going himself, sent his chamberlain, but without dropping any hint of the danger of an imposition. The chamberlain went; but when the weavers told him the property of the brocade, he had not courage enough to say he did not see it, but told the king that the work went on, and that the piece would be of unparalleled beauty. The king sent another nobleman, who, from the same motive, made the same report. After that he sent many others, who all declared they had

seen the piece. At length the king went himself, and upon his entrance, observed that all the weavers were diligently employed, and that their whole conversation turned upon the success of their work;—one saying, "Here is a noble foliage!" another, "What a grand design!" a third, "How beautiful is this colour!" But as he could see nothing all this time except the loom, and as he could not suspect the report which had been brought him by so many courtiers without any variation, he was struck to the heart, and began to doubt the legitimacy of his own birth.—However, he thought it most prudent to disguise his sentiments; and when he returned to court, he began to express himself highly pleased with the goodness and beauty of this master piece of art. At the end of three days, he sent the steward of his household, who, that he might not lose his honour, praised the work even more extravagantly than the king had done. This redoubled the king's vexation; and he and all his courtiers remained in the utmost doubt and perplexity, no one daring to confess, that this famous piece was a non-entity to him. In this state the affair continued, till upon occasion of a great festival, some courtiers pressed his majesty to have a robe made of this silk in honour of the day. When the weavers came to the presence chamber, and were acquainted with the king's purpose, they insisted that none could make up the brocade as well as themselves, pretended that they had brought it with them, curiously wrapped up, and busied themselves as if they were unfolding it. They also took measure of his majesty, handled their scissors, and practised all the motions of persons busy in cutting out. On the festival day they returned, pretended they had brought the robe, made as if they were trying it on, and at length told his majesty that it fitted and adorned him beyond imagination. The king, credulous and confounded, went down stairs, mounted his horse, and began the solemn cavalcade, in which he was to shew himself to his people; who having heard that he who did not see the brocade must be a villain, bastard, or cuckold, unanimously declared that they saw it, and extolled the magnificence of it. At length a Moor who belonged to the king's stables, could not help crying out, "The king is in his shirt, the king is naked." The ice was now broke. The next person to him said the same, and the confession of not seeing this imaginary brocade was soon made by every mouth; till at last the king himself, and all his courtiers, encouraged by the multitude, divested themselves of their fears, and ventured to

own the deception. Upon this, orders were given to apprehend the sharpers; but they had very wisely taken care of themselves, and made off with the money, gold, silver, silk, and other valuable materials, with which the king had supplied them. Thus many erroneous opinions prevail in the world, from the dread of incurring the censure of singularity, tho' that singularity should be ever so reasonable.

[From the last volume of the *MIRROR*.]

LETTER

From a Lady 70 years of age, to a Young Gentleman.

DEAR WILLIAM,

AS I know you have ever been an admirer of *Bon Ton*, and are perfectly the *Man of Mode*, I shall not address you as the *School Boy*, ignorant of the *Way of the World*, nor tire your patience with the *New way to pay old Debts*, viz. apologies for having been so long the *Silent Woman*. In fact, I have for some months thought you guilty of neglect, but I was *All in the Wrong*, for your mother informs me you have written twice. There has somewhere been a *Mistake*, and I have suffered a *Double Disappointment*; but, as neither of your letters came to hand, I might justly be allowed to say *Appearance is against him*. However, *All's Well that ends Well*, and I am satisfied you have not forgotten me. You will wish to know what is going forward in these *Regions of Fancy*. I'll tell you what, *All the World's a stage*—a *Rehearsal* in the morning at the Earl of B's, a comedy in the evening at Lady C's. I believe it may properly be called the *Comedy of Errors*, and most of the audience would I dare say, rather have *A peep behind the Curtain* at covent-garden or Drury-Lane—but *Every man in humour*, say I.—I hear there's has been the *Devil to Pay* about an *Elopement*. It certainly was *A bold stroke for a wife*, tho' it is likely to prove *Love's Labour Lost*; and a happy circumstance will it be for the fair *Fugitive*, as it would evidently have proved a *Fatal Marriage*. You see *Love in a Village* makes as great a *Hurly-burly* as *Love in a Camp*. Our *Beaux Stratagem* here generally ends in a *Trip to Scotland*; but tho' our modern belles know the *Way to get Married*, they seldom, after obtaining the man of their affections, think much about the *Way to keep him*. Rarely do their felicity extend beyond the old-fashioned period of the *Honey-moon*. *Three Weeks after Marriage*, any one may plainly perceive the *Careless Husband* and the *Jealous Wife*. A *Separate Maintenance* follows; and lastly a *Divorce*—and where's the *Wonder*, when

we consider the education of a *Fashionable Lady*? Is not her whole time spent in *Dissipation*? Her *Summer amusements* consist in a *Trip to Scarborough* or *Timbridge Wells*, where the *Midnight hour* finds the *Female Gamester* at the *Faro Table*; there to finish the *Follies of a Day*. You will say I have taken a lesson in the *School for Scandal*—but think as you please, *Such things are*.—This is merely a *Miniature Picture of Bon Ton*.

Your sister, it appears, is quite the *Scornful Lady*, and deals out the *Refusal* to the *Rival Candidates* for her favour. I wish she may not have to say the *Maids last Prayer*.—Mr. G—, though a *Plain Dealer*, would, I think have proved a *tender Husband* and a good *Son-in-Law*; but I know *Which is the Man*. Nothing less it appears than the *Lord of the Manor*. Let her be on her guard. He is a *Fashionable Lover*, and such a character is generally a *Double Dealer*—then, *Who's the Dupe*? I fear she will say I am a *Busy Body*: but while I caution her against the deceptions of *Modern Courtship*, I do not wish her to be the *Nice Lady*; and I think she would make too good a wife to become an *Old Maid*. I therefore trust some *Gentle Shepherd* will soon repay her *Love for Love*. May they prove a *Constant Couple*, and claim *The fitch of Bacon*.

As to my friend George, I suppose he is seeking a *Country Wife*. I hope he will meet with some rich *Heiress*, for in this venal age neither beauty nor *Wit*, without *Money*, will do: and *Love in a cottage*, is all a *Midsummer Night's Dream*.—With respect to yourself, my young friend, I hear you are the *Favourite* of a celebrated *Miss in her Teens*. Many *Rival Queens*, it is said, endeavour to attract your notice; but I fancy you play the *Double Gallant*. I know you have a spice of the *Inconstant* in your composition; but a few years hence you will *Know your own Mind*. Depend upon it, *Love makes the Man*, and if your friend Henry gives you any other counsel, *He's much to blame*: but he, of course, talks like a *Man of the World*.

I must not forget to thank your mother for her solicitude to procure me a *Country House* in her neighbourhood, but in these hard times I must be content with a *First Floor*. I see, by *Anticipation*, that you already begin to yawn at my stupidity, but what can you expect from a *Recluse*; especially when the weather is in the *Confederacy*? I think it would be *False Delicacy* to make any further apology, and hope you will not play the *Critic*, but the *Good-Natured Man*. That I may not fall into a *Relapse*, I shall only state how sincerely I am

Your Faithful Friend,

Cottage, 3d May.

MATILDA.

The Bouquetier.

NO. III.

THE TENDRIL.

The lowly Tendril creeps into the sun.

HERVEY.

*Addressed to Abobeko-cracoaponoco-pissicacokatter-fello.**

When the last Autumn bade adieu,
And winter's surly, boisterous crew
Bore down th' inverted year;
How did yon *Tendril* seek to rise,
And with its verdure please the eyes,
While skies around shone clear!

Sudden, the scene with glooms was spread,
And blasts, loud-howling o'er its head,
Did instant fate portend;
When to it, thus expos'd and low,
The shelt'ring *Lilac* bent a bough,
And screen'd it, as a friend.

Soon, round its new protector kind,
Its curling arms were fondly twin'd:
Supported thus, it stood
Unhurt, while Boreas' scowling forms
Rous'd the fierce elements to storms,
And shook the tow'ring wood.

Now, as the orient blaze of day
Thro' Nature darts his quick'ning ray,
And animation gives;
While Zephyrus' and Flora's pow'rs,
To life and light call slumbering flow'rs,—
Renew'd, the *Tendril* lives.

Behold it, smiling, hail the sun;
Then, tow'rd's his former patron run,
To ask protection's care,
To shield it from annoyance round,
While Spring's profusion clothes the ground,
Luxuriant, sweet and fair.

As thus for aid it humbly sues,
Let not the once-tri'd friend refuse,
The kind, protecting arm!
Thus, 'mid its kindred plants so gay,
'Twill spread its foliage to the day,
And flourish, free from harm.

Friend* of my muse, and of my heart,
Pray, need AMYNTOR here impart,
What thou must plainly see?
As by the *Tendril* he is shewn,
Thou by the *Lilac* may'st be known,
For gen'rous amity.

First, when he tri'd his artless tongue,
And strove to tune a humble song,
In INNOCENCE'S praise;
The *Critic's* cold, damp, with'ring breath,
Threaten'd his infant pow'rs with death,
And drooping were his days.

Strait, with the best, the noblest views,
And feeling for the injur'd muse,
Thou mad'st her cause thine own:
Thy kind protection bore her up;
New vigor gave; inspir'd new hope;
And bade her stand alone.

And now, with thankfulness, she bends,
Again to thee, the best of friends,
And prays thy future aid,

* See his friendly and encouraging Address to Amyntor, Dec. 26. 1801. page 55. He is requested however to pardon Amyntor for not bringing his signature into the measure: This was owing entirely to its being (what Mr. Davidson, in his *Geography Versified*, calls Bile-dugered,—) "a name too rough for the Muse." A.

That she, by breathing Spring's soft air,
In flow'rs and fruits may flourish fair,
Transported from the shade.

Thus, while the Sons of Fancy shine
Around, like diamonds from the mine,
With Genius' purest rays;
She'll be ambitious of their fame;
She'll emulate their brightest flame,
And mingle in their blaze.

Thus, if she please thee, and the FAIR,
Whose smiles alone are worth her care,
Whose approbation's bliss;
Henceforth, in vain, will Critics scowl;
Or sneer; or like nyctas growl,
Or venom'd serpents hiss.

But, truce!—May's genial breezes blow,
And bid the gentler feeling's glow
With Virtue and with Love:
These, sentiments refin'd inspire;
These call instruction from the Lyre,
Our emblem to improve.

Oh! may I, like the *Tendril* be
Submit with low humility.
To talent, goodness, worth;
Yet, usefully my station fill,
Obedient to th' ETERNAL WILL,
While doom'd to dwell on earth.

And as, to yon bright orb, the soul
Whence light, heat, life thro' nature roll,
The *Tendril* lowly bows;
So, may my heart be gratitude,
To the GREAT UNIVERSAL GOOD,
From Him all blessing flows.

Whether my sun of life be gay,
Or adverse fortune cloud my day
With disappointment's gloom;
Assur'd, whate'er's deni'd or giv'n,
My fate is in the hand of Heav'n,
From childhood to the tomb.

Then, when at last o'er matter's wreck,
The SON OF RIGHTEOUSNESS shall break,
Creation to restore;
Triumphant shall my spirit rise,
To fairer regions, brighter skies,
Where change shall be no more—

Where, long as stands th' Eternal Throne,
Long as THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE is known,
With glory crown'd, above,
Sunn'd by Benignity Divine,
Immortals shall, in myriads shine,
In beauty, bliss and love.

AMYNTOR.

HOME-SPUN INGENUITY.

MR. EDITOR.

I Send the following as an enigma to those who 'boast great knowledge in the kitchen line;' the circumstance actually happened; the parties were soon after married and lived very happy.—A gentleman who thought more of merit than money, happened to fall in love with a very handsome but illiterate girl, after visiting the house some time, and being convinced of her worth, he wrote her a letter expressive of his passion and wish to make her his wife. With blushing pleasure the letter was read, but not being able to write she was much embarrass'd how to return an answer; in this dilemma she proceeded to

the kitchen part of the house, where espying a small thing frequently used in that department, she folded it in a letter and sent it to him, in order to express her agreement to the proposal. Query what was it?—
EUGENIUS.

SUR L'IMPRIMERIE.

C'est de Dieu que nous vient cet art ingénieux,
De peindre la parole, et de parler aux yeux:
Et par mille traits divers de figures tracées,
Donner de la couleur et du corps aux pensées.

A Translation is requested.

PHILADELPHIA,

MAY 22, 1802.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Henry Heimuth, Mr. George Pepper, to Miss Seckle, daughter of Mr. David Seckle, all of this City.

—On the 8th, by Mr. Isaac Hicks, Esq. Mr. John Ryan, to Miss Eliza Jackson, both of Attleborough, Bucks County.

—On the 9th, at the City of Washington, the Hon. John P. Vanness, Member of Congress, from the state of New-York, to Miss Marcia Burns, of that city.

—On the 17th, at New-Brunswick, Stephen Van Rensselaer, Esq. late Lieut. Gov. of the state of New-York, to Miss Cornelia Patterson, only daughter of the Hon. William Patterson, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 12th inst. at his father's, in Montgomery County, Mr. Isaac Bryant, only son of Benjamin Bryant, late of this place,—a youth of rare talents, inflexible integrity, and condescending behaviour, by the which he had obtained the regard of a numerous and respectable acquaintance, whom together with a loving and indulgent father, kind sister, and affectionate relatives, he has left to lament his irreparable loss.

—On the 8th, at Boston, William Gordon, Esq. late a Representative in Congress from the State of New-Hampshire.

On the morning of the 20th inst. Jacob Mayers, Esq. of this city, formerly American Consul at Cape Fraucols, suddenly fell down in the street, and expired.

Deaths in the months of January, February, March, and April, 1802, in New-York, 238 adults, and 400 children—Total 638, average of upwards of 5 deaths a day.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"S. R. J." has not acted with that prudence which becomes an author of his profound sagacity, in attempting to pass for original an article copied from the first volume of the *Repository*!—But a word to the wise is sufficient!

"Avon's" muse, in several parts of his *stanzas*, has unfortunately covered herself with the mantle of obscurity.—In order to convey our ideas with clearness and perspicuity to others, it is absolutely necessary that we first think correctly.

"The City Poet; A Parody," by Lindor,—Verses by X. W. T.—"The Orphan Boy,"—and several other communications from the veterans of the muses are received, and will be duly attended to. Several articles noticed last week have been unavoidably postponed.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MISS M. *****

YE restless beings of a transient hour,
Who flit thro' life regardless of your doom!
Who revel high in lux'ry's regal bow'r:
Appall'd not with the horrors of the tomb—
O listen to the murmur'g plaint of woe,
Which from yon gloom strikes solemn on the ear;
Mortals your pleasures and your cares forego,
Ere death arrest you in your wild career.
And ye whose breasts sweet pity e'er can move,
Who pleasure take in sympathetic tears,
Oh! come, enjoy the banquet that you love—
For throbbing grief her sable mantle wears....
Yes, she is gone!—she who in early youth,
Fresh as the rosy morn array'd in dew,
Purs'd the paths of innocence and truth,
And spread her blooming virtues into view.
Scarce fifteen years had fann'd her youthful breast,
Ere she was summon'd from this vale of woe,
By Death's dark mandate, to a place of rest,
Where joys extatic reign and pleasures flow.
Short was the warning which the tyrant gave!
His ghastly messenger, fell Dropsy,* bore
The dart which hurl'd her to the gaping grave—
That gloomy passage to th' eternal shore.
But Monster! where's your haughty triumph, say?
—'Tis true the deed is done, her soul has fled
On Angels' wings to realms of endless day,
By Seraphs guided and by Cherubs led:—
Yet tho' severe the pain, the trial's o'er!
Religion gave what Death could not destroy;
A resignation in that awful hour,
When anguish damp'd anticipated joy.
Adieu, ye summer flies of busy wing,
And from the grave attend to Wisdom's call!
She in your souls this sacred truth will ring—
Which knell will strike with terror, and appal:—
"Tho' fools ye are, yet Death must come at last!
"And if Religion's joys be not your own,
"When once the narrow bounds of time are past,
"Ye stand condemn'd before th' Eternal Throne.
"My name is Wisdom!—from the tomb I call:
"Hear the dread theme, ye vain, ye dull, ye proud!
"Children of dissipation, great and small,
"Attend the dictates which I breathe aloud."
Yes hear the theme, ye sons of lux'ry hear,
'Tis a shrill voice that pierces to the heart!
Which bids you stop in pleasure's mad career,
Abstain your trifles and improve your part.
Ah! what avails the monument that's rear'd,
By friendship's hand, and deck'd with trophies fair!
If heav'n-born virtues cease to be rever'd—
And notes of sorrow die away in air?

* A Dropsy in the brain.

No, no, they shall not die! the muse with speed,
Will snatch from P—'s tomb a strain divine;
Will trace a lay for sorrowing friends to read,
Where worth conspicuous in each verse shall shine.

Ye female votaries of the busy throng,
Who lov'd by Cynthia's beams with her to roam,
And oft at eve would weave the cheerful song—
O mourn the loss! your partner has gone home.

Yet 'twould be vain to grieve—for floods of tears,
Can not bring back the soul already flown!
No; it will flourish fair thro' endless years,
"Flush'd with the bloom of youth," around God's throne.

Is beauty then thy own?—O boast it not!
'Tis as unstable as the vernal flow'r;
Soon shall its roscate honours be forgot—
As are the fleeting visions of an hour.

Alas! had beauty's self the pow'r to wrest,
The sting from Death, and vict'ry from the grave:
P— would still have liv'd, and still us blest—
And we have sav'd what heav'n so lately gave.

But God in kindness took the wand'rer home,
His little lamb he to his bosom drew!
To that abode where woe can never come,
On downy wings her gentle spirit flew.
Enough for me to tune my humble lay,
In memory to her who's gain'd that shore,
Where virtue triumphs in eternal day,
And saints for ever dwell.... "My heart! no more."

EUGENIO.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE SIGNING OF THE DEFINITIVE TREATY BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

HAIL! thou important, thou illustrious hour,
Which bids mild Peace begin her blissful reign;
Restraints the rage of war, controls his pow'r,
And sheds her blessings o'er the world again.

Hush'd is the din of arms, the trump no more
Calls to the field the soldier clad in arms;
Shakes with its horrid din the echoing shore,
Nor fills the world with discord's dire alarms:

But sounds more pleasing greet the joyful ear,
And countless millions hail th' approach of peace;
She comes, she comes to dry the falling tear,
And bid the reign of horrid war to cease.

The war-worn soldier hastes, at her command,
To sheath his sword and lay his arms aside;
Worn with his toil he seeks his native land,
His little cot, his former joy and pride.

But, ah! perhaps, worn down with toil and age,
He seeks his former friends and joys in vain,
Perhaps departed from this transient stage,
They've bid adieu to scenes of woe and pain.

Perhaps they fell beneath some ruthless spear,
Or by disease, or famine from him torn,
No more they live his closing days to cheer,
Nor from the field to welcome his return.

Ah then, what anguish rends his aching breast!
What dire presages rush upon his mind!

When from the toils of war return'd, distress'd,
He finds nor friends nor kindred left behind.

He views his scars, thinks on his battles o'er,
On those who perish'd in his country's cause;
Wishes, like them, he'd fall'n to rise no more,
Honor'd like them, with well deserv'd applause.

But vain his wish, tho' 'scap'd from perils dire,
No friends, no comfort meet his longing sight;
His breast no longer glows with youthful fire,
And o'er his prospects hangs the gloom of night.

But hold—why should I paint this painful scene?
The miseries of war, why do I mourn?
While peace appears, all smiling and serene,—
To welcome her, my muse, again return.

Hail! thou bright herald from the realms above,
Thou great attendant 'round th' Eternal Throne,
Thou com'st with cheering messages of love,
Again to rule the universe alone.

Welcome art thou, below'd celestial Maid,
Welcome, thrice welcome to the sons of earth;
Thou bidst the ruthless course of war be staid,
Thy reign to joy and happiness gives birth.

As mariners upon the boisterous main,
When dreadful and destructive tempests rise,
While for their bark they seek a port in vain,
With transport view the sudden peaceful skies;

Man, wear'd thus with war, thy presence cheers,
He sees thee breaking thro' the dismal gloom,
While all around a joyful aspect wears,
And o'er the world thy blessed reign resume.

Thou com'st, sweet nymph, with all thy lovely train,
Plenty her blessings pours along the vale;
Carnage and blood deluge no more the plain,
And exultation, joy, and bliss prevail.

The hopeful harvest waves along the fields,
Where lately rag'd the fierce and bloody strife,
The fertile earth her richest treasures yields,
And hills and vallies glow with verdant life.

Commerce with joy invites the wafting gale,
To bear earth's treasures to each distant shore;
While gliding barks expand the swelling sail,
Afraid of War's destructive reign no more.

Virtue her empire undisturb'd shall hold
Her heav'nly influence o'er the human heart,
Her choicest blessings to the view unfold,
And greater bliss beneath thy reign impart....

But who can tell what bliss thou hast in store?
Who can describe thy countless charms, O Peace!
More num'rous than the sands upon the shore
Of ocean, or the leaves upon the trees.

* * * * *

O Thou who mad'st the star-bespangled skies,
By whose creative hand the world arose;
At whose command, sun, moon and stars arise:
Still bless mankind with peace and calm repose.

O cease the trump of war no more to sound,
Bid strife and discord seek their "native hell,"
Let nought but peace and bliss on earth be found—
Bid man in friendship with his brother dwell.

CARLOS.

MAY 15, 1802.